

Maria Thompson Daviess, Author of "The Melting of Molly," Says: No One Ever Improved on Large Full Curves, The Greek Conception of Feminine Beauty

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Fat Women Can Be Both Beautiful and Romantic, is Sentimental Novel Writer, Whose Book Heroines Weigh 160 Pounds Apiece.

"And When a Woman Has Such Curves, To-Day, She Doesn't Lack Attention, No Matter What the Styles or Ideals May Be," She Adds, and Cites the Girls of the South, Who Marry on Corn Bread and Kisses.

By Nizola Greeley-Smith.

To melt or not to melt? Such is the question of the hour suggested by the arrival in New York this week of Maria Thompson Daviess, author of "The Melting of Molly" and more recently of "Andrew the Glad," both sensationally successful novels whose heroines, in defiance of current fashions in such commodities, weigh 160 pounds apiece. Molly, it

is remembered, melted thirty of her numerous pounds by exercise and a stern diet that forbade muffins and cream gravy. She wished to reduce herself to the shape and size her ideal man had carried in his memory when he left her native town and then, after all her trouble, when the ideal man came back to claim her, he was so fat she married somebody else.

In the interest of all those women who haven't succeeded in starving themselves into exclamation points, I sought Miss Daviess at the Martha Washington Hotel to ask her why and how she had dared to defy public taste by the creation of two fat or, at any rate, two plump heroines. I wanted to know also how an unmarried woman like herself, who had never experienced the process of falling in love, could understand a picture such as caramel women as Molly, and Phoebe, the heroine of "Andrew the Glad."

"Why have you never melted?" I asked the blue-eyed young woman from Tennessee who, like her heroines, is of a pleasing but unfashionable roundness of contour. "But I have melted—pounds and pounds and pounds," Miss Daviess answered smilingly. "I explained that my inquiry had not referred to merely physical liquefaction; that with such a sympathetic understanding of love many persons had expressed astonishment that the creator of Molly, softest and most feminine of creatures, had never melted sentimentally."

"I don't know why I haven't melted that way. If I did understand it I am sure I should begin to melt at once," Miss Daviess answered. "But I have a singular faculty of inspiring the confidence of everybody I know when they are in the melting process. I seem to be a sort of receiving station for the questions and moods and doubts of every one of my friends who falls in love."

You say there are not many women of the old-fashioned Molly type in New York women who love their men devotedly and are wrapped up in their children, who go to church and send their children to Sunday school as a matter of course. Well, we have plenty of Mollies down South. I think Molly is the typical Southern woman. And you are always to get back to that life and that point of view eventually. It is the only sane one. I don't care if there are a great many persons here in New York questioning the existence of God and rejecting the old simple values and duties, you will all have to get back to them. Whenever I come up here I am introduced to some new religion with a new God in it, but I always seem to recognize Him as the Methodist Jehovah of my forefathers, that I have always believed in. In the South life is as simple and wholesome as I have tried to picture it in my books.

The men and women marry on corn bread and kisses. There is not much talk of the high cost of living or the minimum income on which to take a wife. The women have lots of babies and the men love their wives and are devoted to their children.

In a Southern town when a man gets through his work there is nothing for him to do except go home and sit on the porch with his family, and that is what he wants most of all to do.

SOUTHERN MEN NEVER HAVE FOUGHT WOMEN.

"I think the attitude of the Southern man on the suffrage question is typical of his whole relation to women. They are simply rushing to join us. They offer us their halls for our meetings and I have heard hundreds of men say, 'We have never fought our women and we never will. What they want we can have.'"

Miss Daviess is vice-president of the Tennessee Women Suffrage Association.



MARIA THOMPSON DAVIESS

son. Yet there is not in the United States a more feminine or sanely sentimental woman.

"No women in the world deserve the vote so much as the Southern women," she continued earnestly. "At the end of the war they put aside their lace ruffles, kicked off their satin slippers and undertook the work of feeding three armies—the home army, the invading army and the army of freed slaves. And these women who had never done anything before but read poetry and dance and play the harp succeeded in the task. While the men were at war they kept up their homes and kept the negroes at work by adopting the crop sharing plan, a system which has not yet been improved upon and which Booker Washington is using to-day at Tuskegee."

"There is no sex antagonism in the South," Miss Daviess added. "Molly is a typical Southern woman who likes men and with whom men fall in love."

"But why did she weigh 160 pounds?" I inquired. "Don't you know that it is dreadfully unfashionable to be so fat—even in a book?"

THINKS STRINGBEAN FIGURES ARE DREADFUL.

"Oh, yes, but I am not an admirer of the stringbean woman," Miss Daviess answered. "I think the new steeple ideal for women's figures is dreadful. Yet, even that has its good sides, since it keeps women who might otherwise be really too fat out in the air and develops their muscles. Perhaps we may even say that the stringbean ideal is a good ideal for a woman to have so long as she never attains it. No one has ever improved on the Greek conception of feminine beauty with its large, full curves," Miss Daviess added. "No one ever will. And when a woman has such curves to-day I notice that she doesn't lack attention, no matter what the fashions may be."

Ponder these words well, all you melting and banting and rolling and starving Mollies. Take the hint from the author of "The Melting of Molly" and be careful not to melt too much. She means physically, of course, but I mean—every way.

MAY BUY SUNDAY DINNER.

Delicatessen Stores Can Keep Open Several Hours to-Morrow.

Commissioner Waldo issued general orders to the police to-day advising them of the passage of an amendment to the law governing the Sunday sale of cooked foods by delicatessen dealers. The amendment was passed on April 22 and will apply to-morrow for the first time.

AUTO KILLS A YOUTH WHO GAVE UP SCHOOL SO BROTHER MIGHT GO

Now Boy for Whom the Sacrifice Was Made Must Become Breadwinner.

Felix Petrowski won't go back to school Monday and he won't go to New York University or the College of the City of New York later on. Instead, Felix will hunt a job Monday, so that he and his widowed mother, Rose, may continue to pay the rent for two small rooms on the top floor of No. 27 East Fourth street and buy food and fuel and clothing.

Since his mother brought him, a youngster of ten and a half, from their home in Austria five and a half years ago, Felix had dreamed of becoming an electrical engineer.

Until yesterday there had been a bread earner in the Petrowski family. Kaiser, an elder brother, used to have the same dreams as Felix, but several years ago, when rheumatism kept Mrs. Petrowski from fulfilling the one ambition of her life—to give both her boys an education in this land of opportunity—Kaiser quit school.

"Felix is brighter than I am," said he, "and besides I am the elder. He shall stay in school and learn the theory of engineering and I will get a job and be a practical electrician."

Mrs. Petrowski cried because she couldn't keep Kaiser in school with his brother and because she realized the sacrifice the elder boy was making, but Kaiser consoled her.

The boys talked over their plans every night and, so far as he could, Felix tried to coach Kaiser in what he had learned at school, while Kaiser had been earning the money to keep him there. Last night the younger boy was to have explained an especially difficult problem in algebra and Kaiser was hurrying home from his work in Canal street, when he started across Grand and Orchard streets without looking to see if anything was coming.

POPE GETS VIEW OF AMERICANS IN ROME PILGRIMAGE

But Pontiff, Not Able to Receive Them in Audience—Back at His Desk.

ROME, April 25.—Pope Pius to-day was permitted by his physicians to stand at the window of his bedroom and watch the American pilgrims crossing the square of St. Peter's to enter the sacred door of the Vatican for their reception by Cardinal Merry del Val, Papal Secretary of State. The Pope had hoped to be able to give them audience himself.

The American pilgrims, under the leadership of Rt. Rev. Joseph Schrembs, Bishop of Toledo, was presented at noon in the Ducal Hall by Mar. Thomas F. Kennedy, Rector of the American College in Rome. Cardinal Merry del Val was surrounded by a large suite, including Mr. Canali, the Substitute Secretary of State, and received the Americans in the name of the Pope.

Subsequently Cardinal Merry del Val, conversing with Bishop Schrembs and Mr. Kennedy, said the Pope was so much better this morning that he had prepared a surprise for the Papal Secretary of State, who, when he entered the Pope's apartment, found the Pontiff working at his desk on most important matters requiring his attention, which he had last night insisted that Mr. Bressan, his private secretary, should prepare for his perusal to-day.

The departure of Anselmo Sarto, brother of the Pope, from the Vatican this morning is regarded as confirmation of the continued improvement in the condition of the Pontiff.

STRUCK BY TICKET CHOPPER? He is Arrested but Asserts That Woman Mauled Him.

Joseph Daimler, ticket chopper at the South Ferry terminal of the elevated railroads, was locked up in the old slip station this afternoon on the charge of assault, referred by Mrs. Fannie Weismann of No. 338 East Tenth street. Mrs. Weismann declared that there had been a dispute about the number of tickets she had dropped in the box when she and a party of friends started to pass through the elevated platform and that Daimler had struck her. Mounted Policeman Thomas McNamara of Traffic A arrested Daimler when he was surrounded by a menacing crowd of men. He declared that Mrs. Weismann had mauled him.

VOTES FOR WOMEN ONCE MORE URGED BEFORE SENATE

Mrs. La Follette Leads in Arguments for the Ballot—Takes Lesson From the Tariff.

WASHINGTON, April 25.—Suffragists, for the second time in a week, again stormed the Capitol to argue why women should have the ballot and be admitted to suffrage on the same plane as men through the adoption of a constitutional amendment. In approaching the Senate Committee the suffragists had brought some of their heaviest artillery.

Chief among those present to plead for universal suffrage was Mrs. Anna Howard Shaw, President of the National American Woman's Suffrage Association. She was ably seconded by Miss Helen Varriock Boswell, President of the Woman's National Republican Association; Mrs. Harvey W. Wiley, wife of the former pure food advocate; Mrs. William Kent, wife of the Representative from California, and several others. Two Senators, Shafroth of Colorado and Brady of Idaho, and the wives of two members of the upper house of Congress, also were ready to advance arguments for the "cause."

The women were Mrs. Robert M. La Follette and Mrs. Sutherland of Utah. Representative Bryan of Washington State also was among the pleaders.

Mrs. La Follette argued that women were as vitally interested in tariff legislation as the men and declared that every important piece of legislation before Congress in the last twenty-five years had effected women equally.

"If the tariff in any way affects the price we pay for what we eat and wear, if the trusts and combinations have anything to do with the high cost of living, women should understand about it," said Mrs. La Follette. "If the price of the great staples—like beef, sugar, oil, cotton, woolens—are fixed by monopoly, if the tariff affects the cost of the children's food and clothes the only radical way to right the wrong is through national legislation."

"Women do the buying. Ninety per cent. of \$10,000,000 paid out annually in the United States for food, clothing, shelter, is spent by women."

Mrs. La Follette said she was not one of those who believed that equal suffrage would bring about any immediate radical changes, and declared that the real issue in the suffrage struggle was whether it was in the interest of the home and of society, which she maintained it was.

Miss Helen Varriock Boswell argued that a Federal law would be the quickest and surest way to procure equal suffrage, and Mrs. William Kent said that woman suffrage had worked welfare in California.

CITY FINES CITIZENS FOR NOISANCES JUST LIKE ONE IT MAINTAINS

Bronx Residents Who Can't Get Satisfaction Threaten to Write to Gaynor.

C. F. Silbard, as Chairman of the Simpson Street Vigilantes, called on Comptroller Prudden to-day to ask why New York City was not as much liable for violation of the sanitary laws as the proprietor of a twelve and a half foot delatessen shop.

Mr. Silbard lives at No. 108 Simpson street. His windows overlook three lots which were bought by the city a year ago for the purpose of creating a police station midway between the Morrisania and Westchester stations, which are three miles apart. Last July the city hired a contractor to make an excavation. The contractor dug a deep hole and built the foundation walls. Then the city put a watchman in charge of the job.

The watchman is competent to watch the hole Mr. Silbard told Mr. Prudden, but he has not been able to keep the hole from filling with water or from preventing it from being the floating resting place of various diseased dogs, cats, rats, mice and other animals.

Mr. Silbard says he saw the complaint clerk of the Board of Health about the nuisance and that the clerk was indignant until he learned who owned the property. Then he said: "City property? Nothing doing."

Mr. Silbard then went to Borough President Cyrus C. Miller, otherwise known as the Little Father of the Bronx.

"Outrage!" said Mr. Miller at first, and then: "Oh, city property? Nothing doing."

Mr. Silbard went to the foreman of the nearest engine company and asked if it would be proper for the company to pump out three cisterns filled with stagnant water.

"Sure!" said the foreman. But when he heard who owned the holes he added: "Sorry, young man, but I've got no authority to do anything on city property."

Mr. Silbard informed the Comptroller to-day that he intended to bring suit against the city regarding the nuisance. If a householder leaves a garbage can uncovered a city magistrate fines him a dollar. How much, Mr. Silbard asks, ought the city be fined for the neglect of the site of the new station house?

If all other measures fail, Mr. Silbard says he will take his life in his hands and write a letter of complaint to Mayor Gaynor.

FOUR ON BRONCHIOS GALLOP UP STEPS INTO CITY HALL

Luther McCarthy, Two Indians and a Cowboy, Ride Right into Corridor.

The starting sight of four bronchos galloping up the broad steps of the City Hall and plunging headlong into the tiled corridors attracted a huge crowd to-day. The crowd broke into cheers as the daring cowboys and Indians who were in the saddle brought their steeds down the steps again, the animals never faltering.

There was no rearrangement for the exhibition. But for the interference of Louis Kenedy, Detective Superintendent and Patrolman Harney the riders might have taken their mounts up the winding stairs to the Governor's room. Cowboy and heavyweight pugilist Luther McCarthy was in command and was on his way across his mount to the Mayor's office when he was stopped.

McCarthy's fellows were Eddie Bear and Ghost Dog, full-blooded Indians, in war paint and feathers, and a cowboy, a cowboy crack shot, members of the Buffalo Bill Wild West Company. McCarthy explained that he wanted to see the Mayor when the four arrived at the City Hall.

"Ride right into the City Hall up those steps and give the Mayor a call. He likes the wild West boys," said somebody in the crowd. McCarthy yelled a command, put spurs to his mount and went galloping up the steps, followed by his companions, all shouting war whoops.

"Hey there!" yelled Louis Kenedy, dashing out from the Mayor's office. "This isn't a circus or a stable. Get out of here! I'll take your names and have you brought in to court."

"Why, I'll take you to court anywhere my mount will go," said McCarthy bravely. "I'll take you to court, Mr. Copper. I shall not retire," said the cowboy crack shot, as he dashed the way he had entered, followed by the others.

On the plaza, where the crowd had grown to thousands, the riders dismounted, tethered their horses to the railing and returned to the City Hall. They were ushered into the Mayor's Office, where they met Secretary Matthews, in the absence of the Mayor.

MAIL BAG LOST OFF LINER BROUGHT IN BY THE TIDE

Picked Up by a Long Island Farmer and Turned Over to the Officials.

Through the honesty of a truck farmer who lives at Oceanville, near Long Beach, Long Island, the post-office contents to-day recovered a mail bag containing about 20 letters, in many of which money was enclosed. The mail bag had been dropped into the sea from the liner New York, which arrived at this port the night of April 25.

The bag, which carried first class mail, had been made up in the post-office at Naples, Italy, and contained letters for residents of St. Louis, Mo. Jesse Abrams, who runs a truck farm at Oceanville and puts in his spare time digging clams along the beach, found the mail sack yesterday morning on the southern shore of Long Island near his farm, where it had been washed up by the tide.

Inspector R. J. Pollitt went to Long Beach last night and after convincing Abrams that he was authorized to receive the mail bag, the truck farmer turned it over to him and it was brought to New York this morning.

Considering that the bag had been floating in the sea for four days and nights the contents were in fair condition and the letters will be forwarded immediately to St. Louis. It is supposed that the bag was dropped overboard from the New York when the mails were being transferred from the liner at Quarantine, the night of April 25.

Veteran Letter Carrier Held for Theft.

Percy G. Morgan, a letter carrier attached to Branch Post-Office Station No. 14, who has been in the postal service fourteen years, was arrested to-day by Inspector Joseph Jacobs on a charge of stealing \$1 from a letter. United States Commissioner Smith held him under \$1,500 bail for examination.

SEES WIDOW AFIRE FROM WINDOW; AID COMES TOO LATE

He and Policeman Climb Five Flights to Burning Woman—She Dies in Oil Bath.

From a window in his apartment on the fourth floor of the Stony Point apartment, One Hundred and Eighty-third street, Mrs. Julia Murphy, last evening, Frank Howell looked into a window of the Altonia apartments across the street and saw a woman rushing around the room, her hair and clothing aflame.

Howell rushed to the street, called Policeman Edward Smith, and the pair hurried up five flights of stairs. They knocked on the door of an apartment where they heard the woman screaming. The door was locked; the two men put their shoulders to it and forced it in. Piling on the kitchen floor, her clothing and hair burned off, was Mrs. Julia Murphy, fifty-six, widow of Capt. John Murphy of the Fire Department.

The policeman got a blanket from a bed, rolled Mrs. Murphy in it and then called an ambulance from Washington Heights Hospital. In order to alleviate her suffering the ambulance surgeon had her placed in a bathtub filled with water and oil. She died shortly after 9 o'clock.

Mrs. Murphy told the police she had been cooking supper on a gas stove near an open window when a gust of wind blew a curtain against the flame in the stove. She tried to pull the curtain down and the fire spread to her dress. She became panic stricken and ran around the apartment until she fell exhausted.

AUTOS HIT; PASSENGER HURT

Assemblyman Ulrich is Injured in Collision.

An automobile driven by James Persepani of Kingston avenue and Maple street, Brooklyn, and in which his partner, former Assemblyman Frank Ulrich, was a passenger, struck another automobile driven by Eugene Delidonnas at Lewis avenue and Decatur street to-day. Mr. Ulrich was thrown out and his right eye was bruised and his face scratched. He was taken to St. John's Hospital in the Persepani automobile, which was not damaged.

Injunction Against William Morris. An injunction restraining William Morris from producing "The Blindness of Virtue" at the Montauk Theatre in Brooklyn next week was issued in the Supreme Court by Justice Page to-day. Cosmo Hamilton, the author of the play, sought the injunction on the ground that he had not received his royalties.

That Vacation! Out in the country with your camera or drifting along the river or lake in your boat, away from the drive and noise of the city—that is the dream of many as Summer comes along. Watch the Summer Resort Ads in The World.

COUNT STOWAWAY AMONG FOUR WHO DIED ABOARD LINER

Barney and Bill and Bob Had Stoke Coal; Aristocrat Stoked Only Cigarettes.

SO PRETTY FOR WORK? The Captain Wouldn't Let Pre-Empter of Stateroom Muzzle His Beauty.

In the saloonette of the White Star liner Siles, which arrived here to-day, were stowaways captured during the voyage. Three of them—Bernard Ferguson, William Garrison and Robert Bedford, of the Queenstown water front—sat one bench and despised the other, but Aristocrat of St. Petersburg, who sat on another bench and despised the three. The three were grimy old men and wore tattered clothing. Siles in all his glory was as nothing to a Count Aemytam Aakrade as he looked carefully and with painstaking bills the few pungent cigarettes he had.

Barney and Bill and Bob were found in the coal-bunker asleep the second night, April 15. They had a small, neat package of food with them which they hoped would last until they made New York, but a stoker with a soul, as they say, four than the stokehole itself, took word of them to the skipper and the skipper sent for the chief engineer.

COUNT CAME OVER AS SECOND CABIN INTRUDER.

For seven long days Barney and Bill and Bob, stripped to the waist, had endured the scorching fire, cursing their fate and dodging climbers down at them by honest men who were days' wages for the work which they were saving them.

On the other hand the Count Aemytam Aakrade, mounted aboard and understood about the second cabin until he found a vacant stateroom which suited him. He handed his last coin to a steward, who became as observant as a policeman when news of a passenger was passing.

The Count went out and pre-empted the second cabin in the stateroom, where some funny clothes of Parisian cut and a vacuum cleaner were stored. He took word of them to the skipper and the skipper sent for the chief engineer.

HEARD ONLY YESTERDAY OF DISTINGUISHED PASSENGER.

Second Purser W. E. E. Gregson only yesterday heard of the honor which a human nobleman had conferred on the second cabin. He was at first inclined to think that the Russian was a real nobleman, "britting on a bit of side."

Barney and Bill and Bob are not on speaking terms with Aristocrat Aakrade, though they are all going back on the return trip together.

CARMODY COMING TO PRESS PROSECUTION OF STILLWELL.

Will Confer With Whitman Monday on Action Before the Grand Jury.

ALBANY, April 25.—Attorney-General Carmody expects to confer with District Attorney Whitman in New York Monday concerning the advisability presenting to the New York County Grand Jury the evidence brought out in the Senate Judiciary Committee investigation of charges of official misconduct made against Senator John J. Stillwell by George H. Kenyon, President of the New York Bank and Company.

Attorney-General Carmody to-day was successful in an attempt to make an indictment for Monday which District Attorney Whitman, who was out of town, had signed.

However, the Attorney-General is in New York Monday, prepared to discuss the matter with the New York County prosecuting official.

FIND MAN DYING IN STREET.

Man Believed to Have Caused His Fatal Injuries.

Persons passing through Cherry street this morning saw the body of Sebastian J. King lying on the sidewalk outside a lodging house at No. 41. There was a wound in his head, but before a physician could get him to the Volunteer Hospital he had died.

The police learned that Yurrita was a Spanish who had come here from West on April 25. He was in a lodging house at No. 41 in Cherry street, and he was called home this week. His money was intact and the police have Yurrita fell out of a window in the lodging house. No one in the house saw his skull was fractured, and his body bruised as it might have been by a fall.